

did not acquire the greater part of his wealth 'till his son Tony had almost attained the age of manhood; his papa was resolved, however, to make a gentleman of him; and at the age of twenty-one sent him to learn dancing and the graces, under the tuition of Mr. Wall Du'Val. A Swiss footman taught him to murder a few French phrases; and thus equipt, he set out upon his travels.

The politesse of the French has complimented every Englishman with the title of My Lord; who tacitly submits to their impositions, and squanders away his money with unmeaning profusion; a title which Tony soon obtained; for he was never backward at creating a riot, in order to be bullied out of his cash; or collecting a mob in the street, by throwing money out of the window, to confirm the canaille in their opinion of my Lord Tonbelly's affluence.

Though young Tony might have made a very respectable carcase-butcher, or have become as good an orator as most of those who figure away at Coachmakers-Hall, yet Paris was by no means the meridian calculated for his talents.

Dress being an indispensable appendage to a man of fortune, Tony was delivered over to the management of a French Taylor, who soon bedizened him with lace, and equipped him in the extremes of the mode. To have a just idea of our traveller, the reader may imagine a fine brawny young fellow, fatter than many an ox his father had sold in Smithfield, with his toes turned in, his shoulders parrallel to his ears, his cheeks hanging down with fat, his eyes sunk into his head, his double chin like Sir Fletcher Norton's, his head bare frized and graced by a queue, resembling a horse's tail cased for fear of the dirt: while a diminutive skeleton of a taylor stood before him, declaring that my Lord Tonbelly was a majestic figure, and that he had all the air of a man of qualitee, only that his tail was much too leetle.

Having seen all the wonderful sights at Paris, the Boulevards, the Thuilleries, slept an evening at the Theatre, because he did not understand the language; picked up a demi rib; and got himself pretty handsomely fleeced, he thought himself sufficiently acquainted with Paris, and therefore proceeded in the course of his tour to visit Rome.

Wealth can always procure friends; and Tony was not wanting in having recommendations; and when he arrived at Rome, he soon got himself into the best of company, a circumstance not difficult in that capital for any foreigner that cuts a figure; travellers there, not being regularly presented by ambassadors, and the Pope not having the etiquette of other Princes. Tony was one night at the Conversation of the Priace Berghese, when he happened to meet the all-conquering eyes of the Princess Mattie, His Highness's sister, and one of the finest women in Italy.—The moment he beheld her, Cupid played him a scurvy trick; and as